

ON THE
PEACE:
A
P O E M.
Humbly Inscrib'd
TO THE
Most Honourable
The EARL of
Oxford and Mortimer,
Lord High Treasurer
O F
GREAT-BRITAIN, &c.

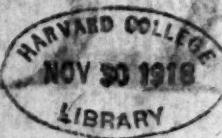
By M. SMITH, Gent.

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A
ON THE
P E A C E :
P O E M.

AT length the *Work* is done, a *Work* so Great
As ask'd the strongest Energy of Fate,
So Glorious beyond all that has a Name,
Twill stretch the Lungs, and burst the Trump of Fame.

With specious Shews of *Liberty* beguil'd,
Beneath *Ægyptian Bondage* long we Toy'd,
Brick without Straw at last compell'd to make,
And mortgag'd (e'er enjoy'd) our latest Stake ;
Factions who durst their Saucy Notions own,
Like *Pharaoh's Frogs* sat Croaking round the Throne;

Audaciously presuming to defy
The Anger of Affronted Majesty ;
For Puff'd with Pride, with Luxury and Ease;
No Prince can Rule 'em, nor no God can please ;
Who tho' they're loaded with Redundant Store,
Yawn like the Sea and Grave to Swallow more,
And all within the Verge of Honour lies
To Av'rice and Ambition Sacrifice.

When now by subtil Wiles and secret Stealth,
They had Possess'd Themselves of all the Wealth,
And that by Natural Consequence at length
Did render them Possess'd of all the Strength,
These made secure, next *Machiavilian Plot*,
Was to Perpetuate the Pow'r they'd got ;
For this they 'ngross all Favours of the Throne,
Disposing them to Creatures of their own,
Watching each Word and Glance of *Majesty*,
Nor suffer others to approach her Eye,
Conscious their Treachery might be Disclos'd,
And *Faction* Wiles by *Loyalty* oppos'd :
To strengthen further their Occult Design
With *Foreigners* seditiously they joyn,
And make them *Guardians* of the *Royal Line* ;

While

While such They for this weighty Charge Address,
As their Contempt of Monarchy Confess.

The Rich the *Juncto* Form, the rest Decoy'd
With Shews of *Blessings* ne'er to be enjoy'd,
Their *Properties* secur'd, their wholesome *Laws*
Inforc'd, nor Subject to Insults by Flaws,
And their *Religion* (ne'er too dearly bought)
Well-Fenc'd—*Heav'ns*; how shou'd that approach
their Thought.

These the *Decoy* which hid their main Intent,
Which only *Plunder* and *Sedition* meant;
And Thus by *Frauds* and *Strategems* they Rul'd,
And Thus the Nation *Bubb'l'd* was and *Fool'd*.

Heav'n offer'd *Peace* to Bless our Drooping *Clime*,
But if 'twas *Heav'n's*, it was not yet Their *Time*;
MORDANT the Darling Hero of the Age
Alone had struck the Blow and clear'd the Stage,
No Roman e'er was Charg'd with so much Fire,
Nor to such bold *Adventures* durst aspire.
Wall'd round by vast extended Pow'rs which know
No Want, whilst *Crowded Coffers* overflow,

A General may Conquer by such Odds,
 And yet be never number'd with the Gods;
 But *Thou* (*THY SELF* an ARMY,) with a Few,
 Scarce more than to thy Equipage were due,
 Uncloath'd, Unfed, save what thy Bounty gave,
 (Ordain'd by *Heav'n* to *Conquer* and to *Save*)
 Such Wonders did'st, and such tall Trophies raise,
 As scarce will ga'n a Faith in Future Days;
 No Forts, nor no Intrenchments cou'd withstand
 Your Forces, sent like Bolts at *Jove's* Command,
 Until at length so formidable grown,
 Your NAME engag'd, and Conquer'd too alone,
 But *Envoy* rais'd from Hell, had now possest
 With all her Angry Snakes a *Mortal Breast*;
 No timely Succours must your Prowis Aid,
 But rather *You Your Self*, a *Victim* made.
 Your *Valour* was your *Crime*, had you gone on,
 Your *Bulk* had then Eclips'd a *Rising Sun*;
 Yet shall your Name be echo'd through the Skies,
 When his in dark Oblivion buried lies.

But PEACE must not so suddenly be gain'd,
 Least by the Cheapness of it 'tis prophan'd,
 Or rather 'till the Nation's further drein'd;

First at th' Expence of Millions t'other Dance,
 And then we're surely in the *Heart of France*,
 Then we shall triumph,—yes, just as we've done
 Near twice twelve Revolutions of the Sun;
 But did these wondrous Politicks prevail
 To play our *Last Stake* off — say shou'd we fail !
 No doubt but *France* wou'd Glorious *Peace* bestow
 On those *Disabled*, for another Blow.

At length the *Cheat* we saw, but ah ! too late,
 We saw it, but beneath Impending Fate,
 The *Loyal Doves* are forc'd to yield the Day,
 And to become the *Factions Vulture's* Prey.

Ah ! poor *Britania*, how art Thou declin'd,
 And all those Rays Eclips'd, so brightly shin'd :
 Thou who above the Stars did'st rear thy Head,
 And to the Distant Poles thy Blessings shed,
 Courted by all the Potentates on Earth,
 As if a Goddess sprung from Heav'nly Birth,
 While thy Sagacious Head, and steady Hand,
 The *Ballance* of all *Europe* did Command ;
 Thy Wealthy Stores, Incessantly supply'd
 From farthest Coasts with ev'ry Wind and Tide ;

The

The Magazine of Arts, no Species known
 Of Science through the Globe but was thine own;
 Thy Sons beheld by Neigh'ring Realms with dread,
 While each might well a Royal Army Head;
 On ev'ry Turn of Fate thy Aid implor'd,
 By all at once Belov'd, Fear'd, and Ador'd;
 How art thou fall'n from all those envy'd Odds,
 Proclaim'd Thee once the Darling of the Gods;
 By thine own Sons thy Glory is betray'd,
 By them thy Honour is a Victim made;
 Their Country and their Conscience too they 'ave sold,
 And wou'd their God (if in their Pow'r) for Gold.

Thus while this sullen Cloud (excluding Light)
 Sat brooding all these Guilty Deeds of Night;
 Behold a Priest (b'auspicious Heav'n inspir'd,
 And by a Zeal for Sacred Doctrines Fir'd,)
 Starts boldly up, and loudly (as became
 His Function) dar'd those Sacred Truths proclaim,
 Struck at the Faction's Body till the Blow
 Made it to Tremble to the Root below;
 Pull'd off the Vizard, shew the ugly Fiend
 And sad Catastrophy must Crown the End;

Dis-

Discover'd the Ingend'ring Snakes which were
 Preparing Poyson to Infect the Air,
 That thence th' Effluviums might the Vitals seize
 Of all the Realm, and Taint it with Disease :
 The *Truths* so obvious were, that all at once
 Their Faith in those false Patriots renounce,
 All but the *Juncto* and those bubbl'd Fools,
 Whose wretched Talents fashon'd 'em for Tools ;
 These by those bright Discoveries Alarm'd,
 And all the Fuel feeds their Faction warm'd,
 Like Incens'd Furies throw their Baleful Eyes
 Around, and threaten both the Earth and Skies ;
 Insult the Priest, by *Innuendo's* Weak,
 To urge *Conclusions* (ne'er intended) seek ;
 In Him *Insulted Holy Precepts* brought
 From *Sacred Writ*, and what our *Saviour* taught ;
 Nay, they *Resent* (to shew their Malice more)
 From *Him* what met with their *Applause* before ;
 Not *Majesty* it self cou'd awe their Spight,
 For they *insulted to Her Face Her Right.*

These Black Attempts (unrivall'd by the like)
 A shudd'rning Horror through the Kingdom strike,

So much had ANNA's Love ingross'd their Hearts,
 At once they All Detest those Wicked Arts,
 As to the Authors now their Love Decreas'd,
 They Rais'd it to their Queen, and Hugg'd the Priest.

The Nation thus Reclaim'd, high Time 'twas found
 This with a *Revolution* shou'd be crown'd,
 But ah! who such *Herculean Labour* Dares,
 As to *Reform* these Intricate Affairs ;
 T'oppose a *Faction* furnish'd with Supplies
 From endless *stores*, and strengthen'd with *Allies* ;
 Possess'd of all the *Dignities of State*,
 Great in Themselves, and in *Alliance* Great ;
 Vers'd in all *Subtilties*, that cou'd disguise,
 With face of Loyal Truth, Disloyalty and Lies :
 And then *Negotiate* with the *Gallic Court*,
 Whose Politics
 The Empire of the World might well support :
 Not *Matchi'vil* or *Richeleu* such a *Task*
 Wou'd tempt, much less the Management wou'd ask,
 A *Senate* well might sink beneath the Load,
 Much fitter for the *Conduit* of a *God* ;
 Yet HARLEY This to Your Immortal Fame,
 You Dar'd, Pursu'd, and Bravely Overcame ;

You

You Trac'd the *Faction*, through their *various Forms*,
 Dispis'd their *Fawnings* and Defy'd their *Storms*,
 Saw through their *Stratagems*, tho' laid so deep,
 They seem i'th' Center of the Earth to sleep ;
 Not Threats of Death on Your Great Soul prevail'd ;
 Which through an Ocean of such Dangers sail'd ;
 Your *Suff'ring Country* call'd Your *Virtue* forth,
 Your *Virtue* rous'd and with unrivall'd Worth,
 (To save from Misery Your *Native Isle*)
 Contemn'd the Hazzard and Imbrac'd the Toyl,
 So *Curtius* when the *Oracle* declar'd
 If *He* was lost, his *Country* shou'd be spar'd,
 Into the *Fatal Gulph* Himself He cast,
 Sunk down at first, but rose a *Star* at last.
 Tho' You as certain Dangers have occurr'd,
 Yet *Heav'n* to like *Catastropy* demurr'd,
 As being for Superior Deeds ordain'd,
 And Honours which till now were ne'er obtain'd,
 Or can by Acquisitions e'er Increase,
 And That's to Crown your Labours with a *PEACE* ;
 Vast the Fatigue, Incessant were the Pains,
 Yet Glorious the Result and Great the Gains ;

For such a PEACE your Deep and Lab'ring Thought,
 Upon so firm a Basis too has wrought,
 Our Ancient Lustre it will soon restore,
 And make Us Wealth'er than we were before.

Oh! may your Grateful Country Trophies raise,
 As may transmit to future Times your Praise,
 Whose Dayly Labours, and Nocturnal Cares
 (Debarr'd of Rest) were Spent for Them and Theirs:
 May late Posterity the Team adorn,
 Who eas'd 'em of their Loads e'er they were Born;
 Yes, You shall Live, and with Refulgent Glory
 ('Till Time will be no more) shall Grace our British

Story:

She comes, Behold the Charming Goddess comes,
 Furl up your Colours, and unbrace your Drums,
 Farewell Bellona, a long, long Adieu
 To all your Instruments of Death and Yeo:
 When Poverty and Slaughter next we Court,
 And Fancy Ling'ring Misery a Sport,
 On sure Distraction Dote, then We'll implore
 Thy Presence, Rough Bellona, not before:
 See yond Saraphic Form, with what a Grace
 (Ten thousand Beauties playing round her Face)

She

She Moves to Great *Auguste's* Court prepar'd
 For Joys, near half an Age she never shar'd,
 Her shining Equipage in Plenteous Show'r's,
 As She moves on, Her welcome Blessings Pours,
 Gladding each Heart, and Bright'ning ev'ry Eye,
 While *Jubilations* Echo through the Skie.

As when the *Mariner* in direful Storms,
 Has Death beheld in all its Horrid Forms,
 Toss'd to the Heights whence *Lucifer* once Fell,
 And then shot down ev'n to the Verge of Hell,
 While crashing Thunders the Mid-Region Tear,
 And Sheets of Blazing Lightning sindge the Air ;
 To add to his Distress, his *Wealth* he finds
 Giv'n to the Sea, and his *Hopes* to the Winds :
 At length a *Calm* succeeds, the Skie grows clear,
 And He with Rapture views his Native Country near :
 So in Tumultuous Waves of *Fashion* we
 Have long been plung'd, more dang'rous than the Sea,
 Pillag'd of all our *Wealth*, our *Strength Decay'd*,
 Our *Hopes* all vanish'd, and our *Souls* dismay'd,
 When lo ! upon the bright Approach of *PEACE*,
 Our Griefs disperse, and all our Sorrows Cease.

Hail smiling Goddess, welcome to our Isle,
At thy Divine Approach all Nations smile,
The Darling of the Deity, whose Love
Prefers *Thee* to the brightest Forms above;
And when He's pleas'd his Favourites to Grace,
He gives thy Charming Self to their Imbrace;
When cruel Wars, with their Impetuous Rage,
Have fill'd with bloody Scenes the Groaning Stage,
And all beneath Oppressive Loads, in vain,
With flowing Tears and scalding Sighs complain;
One Glimpse of *Thee* new Scenes of Joy prepares,
Relieves our Anguish, and expells our Cares;
Wars are the Scourge of Heaven, which offers *Thee*,
As Pledge o'th' Reconciled Deity.
But what must They expect who still Repine,
And Mercy, They ne'er merited, decline,
Who tho' They Droop beneath Affliction's Rod,
Had rather Sink than own the Saving God?
Ungrateful Wretches know the Pow'rs Above,
Will soon Revenge Contempt of proffer'd Love,
When we're Reliev'd, will still increase your Weight,
And Laugh at your Repentance come too late.

R.H.

D

But

But You, whose Principles have been secure
 'Gainst all Assaults, and cou'd all Storms endure,
 And whom, nor Wealth, nor Grandeur cou'd Allure ;
 Firm to your *Church*, and Faithful to your *Queen*,
 If you have suffer'd in the Tragic Scene,
 Where *Sophistry* supply'd the Room of *Sense*,
 With Men just *Loyal* in their own *Defence*,
 Your *Blisful Hours* approach, which will requite
 With bright long *Summer-Days* your *Winter's Night*.

Cease, cease, my *Muse*, and for a while retire
 For fresh Recruits and to augment your Fire,
 For Thou must Tempt a Task so Tall, so wide,
 So vast, thy Greatest Skill it may deride,
 Yet *Sprung*, Thou now must on and fly at All,
 At least, 'tis Brave, in such Attempts to Fall.

All Hail, Illustrious ANN, in Pow'r so Great,
 You awe the World like universal Fate,
 Far-distant *Monarchs* with a Pride contend,
 Whose *Virtue* best shall court You for a *Friend* ;
 The *BALLANCE* of all *Europe's* in your Hand,
 Whose Rights and Royalties You may command,
 And whether 'tis your Pleasure to supply,
 You'll quickly make the other Kick the Skie :

The Gallie Potentate whose Tow'ring Soul, in gloom & woe,
 None but your Greater Genius cou'd Controil,
 Distraining Terms from other Pow'rs, to You
 He Sues for Peace, and makes You Umpire too;
 Gives All you Ask, and more than Ask'd before,
 Profusely gives 'till you can ask no more,
 From which we such Advantages shall Reap,
 As soon will All our Suff'ring lull a Sleep;
 Nay, from those Acquisitions greater Stores
 Amass, than ever crown'd the British Shores.
 Not so a Former Treaty, which Heav'n knows,
 Gave our Allies the Profits, us the Blows;
 But when the Subtil Game again was play'd,
 And We a second Time to be Betray'd,
 You then assum'd full Majesty and Shew
 Maternal Passion for Your Subject's Due,
 Cast off the Snakes you'd warm'd and in their Room
 Plac'd Patriots who Revers'd our Threaten'd Doom;
 And tho' the Haughty Juncto dar'd to hope
 Their Pow'r too Great for Majesty to Cope,
 You the Presumptuous Wretches taught to know
 Heav'n its Vicegerents always aids below;

((17))

Struck Dumb with such Superior Pow'r, the rest
They're forc'd to stifle in their Lab'ring Breast,
While conscious Guilt suppress their soaring Thought,
And all their Projects to Confusion brought.
In these Results such Rays of *Wisdom* shone
They with new Luster gilded all your Throne
Evincing by their Consequence you have been
As well our *Guardian-Angel* as our *Queen*.

When Future Ages shall Your *Annals* read,
They'll think 'em *Teste* for *Strongest Faith's Decreed*,
For by their spacious Bulk they will appear
An Age of *Wonders* crowded in each Year;
So Grand, Magnificent while *Neighb'ring States*
At Your *Disposal* leave their sever'l Fates,
Your *Wisdom* in their greatest Streights Address,
And all Y' *Advise* for *Oracles* confess,
Well may surrounding Realms Your Worth Adore,
Well Your auspicious Counsels may Implore,
Since like a *Tut'lar God* Your *Blessings* fall
Not only on this *Empire*, but on *All*;
For tho' you'd long Obtain'd a Glorious *Peace*,
For Your own Kingdom's Honour, Wealth and Ease,

E.

The

The Full Conclusion nobly you decline,
 'Till with like Rays You cou'd on others shine,
 At length 'tis done unrivall'd in all Story
 Both for consummate *Conduct* and the *Glory*.

Like the *Arcana* of the *Gods* you kept,
 Such *Silence*, all believ'd the *Project* slept,
 While others of a weaker Faith wou'd have,
 Just from the *Womb*, 'twas carry'd to the *Grave*;
 When on the sudden Wide and High it blaz'd,
 Well Rooted too, and all the World amaz'd;
 Each Article with such Success did move,
 'S if ev'ry Step was influenc'd from Above;
 And You the *Favourite* of *Heav'n* alone,
 With all its Angels watching round your Throne.

Ye Happy *Britons*, what transcendent Zeal,
 What Victims can your *Gratitude* reveal?
 Your *Lives* and *Fortunes* will not quit the score,
 (To those she had a *Nat'r'l Right* before)
 For your *Successors* will their *Blessings* owe
 To Her the Fountain, whence they all must flow;
 All You Possess is far too short, then try
 What may attone for your *Insolvency*:

Let *Loyalty* Compound, and *Duty* Shew
 A *Will* at least to pay the *Debt* is Due ;
 And let your frequent *Pray'rs* and *Incense* Rise
 Until they reach the *Throne* above the Skies,
 When thither on the Wings of *Ardour* Fled,
 Implore the *choicest Blessings* on *Her Head*,
 That when She shall resign This *Crown*, She may
 Reign in the Regions of Eternal Day.

I see, I see the *Halcyon* Days advance ;
 Beginning Hand in Hand to lead the Dance,
Pacifick Angels with their Instruments,
 The Measures Strike and Providence Assents ;
 With Joy, with Jubilation on they move,
 Joyn'd by the mutual Bands of smiling Love ;
 And as they move their shining Wealth they pow'r,
 (More Rich than *Jove* descending in a Show'r ;)
 The *Loyal* to Regale, who pleas'd confess
 Their grateful Hearts and *ANNA's* Conduct Bless :
 Whilst Env'ous Grinning *Faction* quits the Stage,
Expell'd in This, and *Curst* the following Age ;

Unable longer to endure the Light,
 Retires to hide Herself in Shades of Night,
 Nor more Her Inauspicious Looks shall dare
 To vex our Quiet, or Infect our Air.
 For all these Benefits our Thanks are due.

To Illustrious ANNA first, and HARLEY next to

You,

F I N I S.